

Children's Department.

FROM THE EDITOR.

This week we have but very little to say to the children. We are glad to know that the little people are beginning to write for the paper again. This week we have several little letters from them. We shall try to make this paper as interesting as possible for the children, and we ask them to help us. Will you do it?

From Ashland, Ohio.

I thought I would write a few lines for the EVANGELIST. I don't see why we can not have more letters from the children. We surely ought to have more. There are surely enough children to write. I will now try to answer the question that I found in the Children's Column from the editor in the EVANGELIST. This man's name was John. His parents were Zacharias and Elizabeth. They were both righteous before God, walking in the ordinances of the Lord. Oh! were we all as faithful as they were. We would also be rewarded as they were. I guess I will close for this time. (Your answer is correct. ED.)

O. E. LEEDY.

From Nappanee, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—It has been a long time since I have written, and as I have not seen any letters from the others, I thought I would write and ask more to write for I love to read the other children's letters. Fill up the page. The class at Union Salem, is still prospering, although we have no regular pastor. Since Sister Dickey's leave, Brother Perry has preached for us twice, and during the meetings we had one accession. He preached some excellent sermons, which were appreciated by all. We had the best of attendance and attention. Your sister in Christ,

CORA A BECKNELL.

From Milford, Ind.

I thought I would write again for the EVANGELIST. I go to school, and we have twelve scholars. Mrs. Mackey, is our teacher. We have the King's Children meeting at the church. My sister and I belong to it. We had a nice conference here. Well, I will close for this time. If I see this in print I will write again.

LILLIE TROUP.

I will write for the Children's Column. I am seven years old. I go to school. I am nearly through the second reader. I study Arithmetic and Spelling. I will close. Good-bye,

VESA TROUP.

From Godfrey, Kan.

I will write my first letter to the EVANGELIST. I am 11 years old. I go to church most every Sunday. We have organized a Sunday-school, and I am going to tend. My papa and mama and I all belong to the Brethren church. Our minister's name is brother A. J. Hixon. I will write again when I see this in print.

LIZZIE E. SPICER.

A BAD SUPPER.

One day Ann was in the pantry making mince pies. She put raisins and spice and sugar in them. She made little stars and ferns on the crust. They were very nice pies.

Two bright eyes were watching Ann while she worked. They were the eyes of a little gray mouse. He was hiding behind a can on the shelf. He said to himself:

"Uh-, um! What a good smell. We shall see if I don't have some of those pies. Just wait until to-night when all the folks are sound asleep." So Mouse crept back to his hole and took a long nap. Then he came out and looked out of the pantry window. "Yes," he said, "night has come, I know, for the sun has gone down and the stars are in the sky. I guess the folks have gone to bed. Now I will look for the pies."

He knew the shelf where the pies were kept. "Here they are," he said, "Hi! how good they do smell. What a feast I shall have! I think I will invite some of my friends to supper." So he ran around to the neighbors in the woodshed and asked them. They were very glad to come. One, two, three, four more mice. They hurried back and they all got around a nice big pie. They had taken just one little nibble when the pantry door opened and Ann came in with a light in her hand. When she saw a lot of mice standing around one of her best pies she just opened her mouth and screamed.

How those mice did scamper! The woodshed mice went home, and the pantry mouse went back to his hole.

Ann took every one of those pies and carried them down cellar. Then she got a trap. She put a nice little piece of fresh cheese in it and set it on the shelf. After that she went out and shut the door.

Mousey waited a long time. At last the house was still. "I shall go by myself this time," said the selfish little mouse. "I can't be troubled running after the others."

Everybody was fast asleep. He slipped softly out. The pantry was dark as a poccoet. Mousey thought that the pies

were on the shelf yet, so he went sniffing about trying to find them.

"I believe I smell cheese," he said, "Cheese goes first-rate with pie." He came a little nearer to the trap.

"Yes, here it is, cheese! How nice!" He put his head softly through the little hole in the trap. Snap! went the spring, and there he was fast.

Poor Mousey! No more mince pie, no more cheese for him.

In the morning Ann said as she opened the pantry door—

"There, that little scamp is caught and I am glad of it."

She took the trap out and opened it, and Mousey fell into a pail of water.

And that is the bad end to which a little mouse came who tried to steal mince pies.—*Pansy.*

"HOW OLD MUST I BE."

Doubtless many readers have wondered how old they must be before becoming a Christian. They have a definite answer in an incident related by the famous missionary, Mr. Judson:

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half-guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be His.—*Ram's Horn.*

No one can call back for correction the words he has spoken, or the deeds he has done or the mistakes he has committed during the past year, but he ought to learn from them to be a guard over himself in time to come.